THE NEW REPUBLIC

No Mourning for Nikita

Richard Lowenthal

The Brass Roots for Nixon

Lloyd Winburn

C.P. Snow's Two Worlds

John Hollander

Spying and Space

The Editors

May 30, 1960, 25 cents

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T.R.B. from Washington

Paris from Portland

★ This reporter watched the collapse of the Summit Conference from the remote turmoil of the Oregon primary, snatching nightmare bulletins out of the air by pocket radio and desperately searching regional newspapers for scraps of background information. Kennedy beat Morse here in Oregon – making seven straight primary victories – and it now rather looks as though America would have a Catholic Presidential nominee for the second time in history. Simultaneously Hagerty defeated the hopes of East-West accommodation. Hagerty – ? Why, to be sure!

Faced with the alternative of saying the President didn't know what was going on in the U-2 flights (the escape exit eagerly offered by Khrushchev) or of pretending that he knew about and hence approved them, Hagerty firmly chose the latter. It is Hagerty dogma, supported by a cooperative press, that Eisenhower is master of his Administration. So Hagerty, at a press conference May 9, specifically denied a *New York Times* report that the President had ordered U-2 flights stopped. Christian Herter cautiously reaffirmed this, and the President backed it up at his May 11 news conference. That doomed Paris.

The military seems to be running things. Returning from Paris, Defense Secretary Gates frankly acknowledged that it was he who ordered the terrifying worldwide US armed service alert, May 16, right on the eve of the Summit. While Eisenhower tried to talk peace, Gates rattled the saber. Asked if the President ordered the alert, Gates replied, "It was on my own. I advised him."

A front-page picture in the Seattle *Spokesman-Review* last Saturday showed Eisenhower welcomed home with a banner across Pennsylvania Avenue, "THANK YOU, MR. PRESIDENT." It is simply too cruel to ridicule this scene. Eisenhower is a tragic figure. Yet in all kindness it is not safe for a nation to pretend that a debacle is a triumph even though some nervous people now think that is the patriotic thing to do. The truth has to be faced, palatable or not. Somewhere on the golf course Eisenhower lost civilian control of his espionage agency and the military.

It was something to watch, the stunning effect of this on remote American cities – and it is still reflected on their editorial pages. Most of them simply blasted away at Khrushchev and then dropped the subject as too dangerous to explore. In scanning half a dozen or more local papers each day for a week I do not remember a single one criticizing the President.

The frustrating effect of local journals on Eastern journalists was comic. The serious interpretation of the crisis, as well as the spot news, really came from television and radio; local papers had a great deal of advertising and very little news other than the desiccated press associations. We fell back on the San Francisco edition of the *Wall Street Journal*, America's first national newspaper, and also on a strange source, a Hearst paper, the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, which began printing gobs of *New York Times* news service reports. Surprisingly the *Oregonian* reprinted the electrifying column by Walter Lippmann which coolly put responsibility on Eisenhower. With scraps and strays from Reston, Alsop, Drew Pearson and Peter Lisagor, it was possible to piece the news together. The climax, of course, came in Adlai Stevenson's "crowbar and sledgehammer" speech at Chicago to which West Coast papers gave a few paragraphs on inside pages.

Kennedy and Morse

★ The primary was rather fun. Wayne Morse, who used to be a political fireball himself, assumed a posture of pained moral superiority before audiences that rarely filled the hall. We have always been fond of Morse's heavy black eyebrows, as nicely arched as a couple of croquet wickets. He belongs to that great tradition of Senate rebels and eccentrics without which the chamber would be a very dull place.

Kennedy, on the other hand, the young, patrician Harvard overseer, hedge-hopped the state in his quarter-million-dollar private political flying carpet (a converted twin-engine Convair) and blocked traffic with his street corner rallies. Aside from his novelty and glamor, Kennedy does make people feel that he is sincere and honest; the outcome was plain from the start.

Kennedy's religion, in our judgment, helped him a lot in the primaries. Relatively few votes are cast in a primary and any candidate with a hard core of ardent supporters is benefited out of all proportion. In private, Kennedy sometimes refers to the hierarchy of his church as though it were another political opponent; the timing of some of its announcements, like the Bishops' on birth control, and the latest assertion of the Church's right to interfere in political matters by the *Osservatore Romano*, seem almost calculated to injure him.

The real test of prejudice will come if and when Kennedy is nominated. He has all but silenced audience heckling on the subject, but we suspect it is not buried very far beneath the surface. The multitudinous Southern Baptists, including Billy Graham, have just adopted a no-Catholic-for-President resolution. And a breakdown of the latest Gallup Nixon-Kennedy poll by religion shows Protestants dividing 64 percent for Nixon to 36 percent for Kennedy and Catholics supporting 79 percent to 21 percent for Nixon.

Same Old Script

★ It was Adlai Stevenson, not Kennedy, who finally threw the brick into the post-Summit make-believe. Somebody had to say that Eisenhower had lost his clothes at Paris; Stevenson did it. Republicans gave a knee-kick reaction: Democrats were unpatriotic! Nixon, too, seemed reverting to type. In his upstate New York trip he suddenly revealed two mysterious hitherto secret Red spy attempts; and after producing the right creepy-crawly atmosphere, looked reproachfully at any Democrat (presumably Kennedy) who would have Eisenhower "apologize" to Khrushchev. This soft-on-Communism theme, laced with spies, has promising possibilities.

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Spying and Space

The awkwardness of the US case with regard to the U-2, irrespective of the timing of the mission and the contradictory explanations which followed Powers' capture, is that the plane had no right to be where it was. Its intrusion into Soviet airspace constituted an intentional violation of Soviet sovereignty, and the President's last-minute promise that it would not happen again – though it makes the present UN debate somewhat academic – in no way changes the fact that this country acted in defiance of well-understood international law. Each state has exclusive control over the airspace above its territory, and no state has shown any willingness to abandon this rule except under conditions to which it consents. To take an analogous situation, although there is no formal treaty between the US and the USSR affirming that the sovereignty of each extends at least three miles out to sea, there would be no doubt in anyone's mind what rights the US would have to act in self-defense should a Soviet submarine appear two miles off the Long Island coast.

What justification can Ambassador Lodge offer the UN delegates? Privately, he can argue the Pearl Harbor thesis: The US *must* have all the information it can get; and if the Soviet Union suspects that we know the location of its launching sites, airfields and industrial concentrations, it will be deterred from staging a surprise attack. The argument has merit, but it has weaknesses too. For spy planes might trigger the very response they are intended to prevent; it is far from certain that the nuclear stalemate guarantees that peace is inevitable, and that nothing we or the Russians might do could precipitate a war. The argument of necessity has a further weakness: If the security of the United States required these fly-overs, why does it not require them today? And if it does, why in Paris did the President – without receiving any Soviet concession in return – announce their discontinuance?

Publicly, of course, Mr. Lodge can contrast the flight of a single, unarmed plane with the Soviet invasion of Hungary; he can plead that the Soviet rejection of the 1955 "open skies" proposal compelled us to act as we did; he can recite the many instances of Soviet espionage. But when it has all been said, the argument of "necessity" will be returned to, and a justification based on that argument is a bottomless pit which can swallow what little order we have in international affairs. "Necessity" to some is evidence of unfriendliness to others. To insist that states may send an occasional aircraft over the territory of others whenever they believe their self-defense warrants it is a danger-

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ous doctrine, and what the world wants today is not more danger but less.

About 100 years ago, two French military officers testing the free flight of balloons were carried by prevailing Westerly winds beyond their intended destination, eventually coming to earth in Germany where they were promptly arrested for espionage. Times have not changed much. Airspace still is considered sacrosanct, for governments understand its potential for military reconnaissance and attack.

With the conquest of space, however, the concept of airspace as related to a particular part of the earth has begun to make less and less sense. No one has ever dreamed of claiming sovereignty over celestial bodies as they pass "over" earthly states. What, then, of satellites? If a camera is far enough "up," what country is it "over"? At some point airspace considered as being "over" someone's home ground ends. But where is this "boundary"? All one can say is that Khrushchev has never protested reconnaissance by our Tiros I photographic satellite; there has been no objection to such flights from any subjacent state. Both the US and the Soviet Union have acted on the assumption that satellites, though not manned aircraft, were beyond the hypothetical boundary. That is where matters stand now. But what of the future?

It would be a mistake to conclude that in the absence of definitions and formal treaties, anything in space will be acceptable. The provisions of the United Nations Charter on the maintenance of peace are relevant to the use of space, but their generality, coupled with the extraordinary interdependence of military and non-military uses, makes them extremely hard to apply with precision, as the present UN debate illustrates. What is "provocative," what is "aggressive"? One must know the purpose of the act in order to answer the question. Our knowledge of cosmic radiation may be used for radiological warfare, or not; television and radio relay stations may be used to hinder as well as facilitate communications; geodetic and meteorological observations have the same potential duality of function; the technology of space exploration is also the technology of the intercontinental ballistic missile.

U-2's will soon have been made obsolete by new satellites, which makes the present furor all the more ironic. Before the year's end, the US may have a TV eye in the sky, orbiting the poles of the earth and sending back pictures of the Soviet Union. While the much greater altitude (three to four hundred miles) and the technical deficiencies of TV relay may initially make for considerably less detail than comparable U-2 photography, there is good reason to think that this TV satellite – known as Project *Samos* – can serve a substantial reconnaissance purpose. Undoubtedly Mr. Khrushchev will provide some lively commentary to go with these pictures too. But this is only the beginning. For what can be done by Americans can be done by Russians. What can be shot down by Russians can be shot down by Americans. And if one wishes to think far enough ahead, he may imagine how long war will remain "unthinkable" when there is unlimited and full-scale competition in the shooting down of the satellites of others on grounds of "self-defense."

What might the US do? A beginning can be made toward the denationalizing of aerial reconnaissance. Mr. Khrushchev could hardly claim that *Samos* violated Russian airspace, for such a claim would be inconsistent with past Soviet satellite programs and inhibit future ones. His objections are more likely to turn on the "aggressive" purposes of the satellite, not its right to be where it is; and his objections may be tied to the correlative right of the USSR to retaliate in "self-defense." It too must guard against "surprise attack."

To make *Samos* and other space vehicles to come legally and politically acceptable – to defuse them of their explosive potential – requires persuading as many nations as possible that such flights are not provocative in intent, and the best forum for demonstrating this is the United Nations. Indeed, by coming to the Security Council with his indictment of the U-2 fly-over, Mr. Khrushchev gives us an opportunity – if we use it – to undo some of the damage that has been done to America's reputation for good sense and good faith.

The President has promised to present to the Security Council a new version of the open skies plan. An aerial reconnaissance unit under UN supervision would be a

Overheard in the Embassy

It is a tradition of intelligence work for governments to disown agents when caught – London Times, *May 9*

There are open secrets one does not advertise,
  There's not one precedent for coming clean;
First a splendid silence, then incredulous surprise
  Have always been a matter of routine.
When has one ever heard of open spies?

Clandestine activities when publicly discussed
  Offend against the diplomatic code;
Should we in emergency our formulas adjust,
  Or play down this disastrous episode?
Quite frankly, one is utterly nonplussed.

Once we knew the answers, agents knew the score;
  Tradition was upheld by everyone.
But something has occurred which never did before,
  And something has been done, that is not done.
One asks, is nothing sacred anymore?

SAGITTARIUS

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good start. The United States could offer to operate *Samos* as a trustee satellite, turning over to the UN unit all information it obtains, thereby showing that aerial reconnaissance and spying are separable, and that overflights are not inevitably unfriendly acts.

And there is no sound reason why the US could not go further. Let the President announce that the skies over this country will be open to any aerial observation conducted under the auspices of the UN, and that the intelligence available to the UN unit will be available to all nations; and let this offer be unconditioned by Soviet acceptance or rejection. Little military security would be lost, whether or not the Russians decide to go along. To concede that the US cannot risk such inspection is to support the Soviet contention that self-defense demands secrecy and that "open skies" *is* just another cover for espionage.

Diplomacy may have once followed trade; now it follows technology, but far behind. How can it be prodded to catch up? As much of the world as possible must soon be made to understand that in the space age sovereignty and the rights of self-defense are not what they were. UN aerial observation, which is neither a threat to peace nor inimical to any nation's security, would further that understanding.

Why Have Elections?

James A. Farley wants the Democratic Party to condemn and repudiate Adlai Stevenson for the prompt and decisive way in which he criticized the Administration's flip-flops on aerial espionage. The National Chairman of the GOP, Thruston B. Morton, agrees. He not only thinks Mr. Stevenson is "playing with political fire" but that the Summit issue has "no business at all in a political campaign." The Chairman of the Republican Platform Committee, Mr. Percy, has answered Mr. Stevenson by saying that his remarks give an impression of "softness" and would be "most pleasing to Mr. Khrushchev." Senator Dirksen goes so far as to say it was Stevenson who "torpedoed" the Summit. And the GOP National Committee has added that he "contrived a disastrously divisive speech at a critical hour."

It cannot be denied that this is a critical hour. What is worse, the hour is likely to be prolonged for days and months. That being so, should we risk a national election in November? An election requires a campaign; a campaign requires a debate, and the most important debate topic this year is the President's conduct of foreign affairs. But if such a debate is held, will not even more divisive speeches be made in the heat of battle? Would not such a display of partisanship cause Mr. Khrushchev – whose experience leaves him unequipped to understand Americans' peculiar taste for internal bickering every four years – to think that America is divided from within and therefore weak? Unless, of course, a rule is adopted that the only permissible comment on the Summit is that Khrushchev is not a nice man, in which case there couldn't be much of a debate.

It is a sobering thought, and the Vice President has it very much on his mind. His press secretary, Herbert G. Klein, told newsmen last week that so far as Mr. Nixon is concerned, foreign policy ought not to be a campaign issue in 1960.

Perhaps he is right, but it is worth noting that it is the new Nixon speaking. It was not always thus.

During a critical hour in 1952 (the Korean War was on), Mr. Nixon had quite a bit to say about the conduct of foreign affairs: "The most devastating thing that can be said about the Truman record is that he lost 600 million people to the Communists. I will repeat that over and over." And in 1956, during a critical hour (Suez), the Vice President thought that "for the first time in history we have shown independence of Anglo-French policies toward Asia and Africa which seemed to us to reflect colonial tradition." He also suggested, somewhat divisively, that "men who were rash or men who were less experienced could have gotten the US into war."

In 1958, Mr. Nixon continued the debate by informing the voters that "this Administration has got the US out of one war, kept it out of others, and has kept the peace without surrender of principle or territory." The Democratic Party's "sorry record of retreat and appeasement" was denounced, as well as the "defensive, defeatist fuzzy-headed thinking which contributed to the loss of China and led to the Korean War."

A Minor Miracle

Few citizens outside California even knew about the San Luis bill authorizing a major extension of the Central Valley Reclamation Project – a vast engineering masterpiece designed to move water, California's life blood and hope for the future, farther than man moves water anywhere else on this planet. And only a handful of members of the House understood the polysyllabic language imbedded in "Section 7" of the San Luis bill. By indirection this section would have exempted – and was intended to exempt – millions of Central Valley acres from the 160-acre limitation provision of Federal Reclamation law. This anti-monopoly provision says that water from federal reclamation projects shall be distributed only to individual areas whose landholdings are not in excess of 160 acres – though in practice, holders of considerably more land do participate.

Fifty-eight years ago Theodore Roosevelt borrowed the 160-acre limitation from Abraham Lincoln's homestead law and put it into the original Reclamation Law to protect the family-size farm. It has been regularly

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attacked ever since by large landholders who would stand to gain immensely by its repeal. Last year, Senators Paul Douglas and Wayne Morse defeated another such attack by holding the floor for four days until they won over a majority of the Senate. But when the San Luis bill reached the House floor on May 18, the acreage exemption was right back in. And both the majority and minority leadership explained that more important matters prevented a fight against a section the standing committee had approved.

At that point some angry young men took over. Rep. Al Ullman, a second-term Democrat from Baker, Oregon, who knew the full meaning of Section 7 because he had fought to eliminate it in Committee, moved to strike it from the bill. George P. Miller, freshman Democrat from Alameda, Calif., rushed to Ullman's support. So did James Roosevelt of Los Angeles. They were joined by another first-termer from South Dakota, Quentin Burdick (who also had had the benefit of parental instruction on the subject) and another Irishman, Jeffery Cohelan, formerly a teacher at the University of California.

Thirty thousand words later Ullman was allowed a voice vote on his amendment. The chair promptly ruled him the loser. He bounced back to demand a standing vote. Again he was counted out by a slim, uncheckable vote. He then called for a teller vote. On the final stand-up-and-be-counted roll call, Ullman's amendment prevailed by 33 votes. And the 160-acre limitation law had survived its 500th attack.

Looking Backward

When the Republicans came back to power in 1952, they had been out so long that the men who led them in the '20's had either passed from the scene or were politically impotent. Today's Democrats have their old grads right with them, eager to take up where they left off, eager to do in the 1960's that which pulled us out of the depression in the 1930's.

The recently-issued statement of the committee on farm policy of the Democratic Advisory Council is illustrative. The text is littered with worn-out phrases: "Another four years of Republican control will return our farm people to the bankrupt conditions they faced at the end of 1932." It calls for commodity loans "at not less than 90 percent of parity," and "restoration of the full 100 percent of parity prices."

There will be no "restoration," of course, because there cannot be; whatever happens will be something new. The quarter-century that has elapsed since the New Deal has seen too many changes for the clock to be turned back without ruining the works; and the concept of parity adopted in those days was itself based on economic conditions of the previous decades.

People *are* leaving the farms in droves: For the nine years, 1950-59, the net decline in farm population averaged over 800,000 a year, or some 3.5 percent of all people on farms. But the exodus is not comparable to the departure from the dust bowls of the Okies and the Arkies 25 years ago. For the most part, they are leaving because there is more money to be made in the towns. And why not? A recent study shows that the median income of Southern rural-farm Negroes was almost exactly half that of Southern urban Negroes. Today, unlike the 1930's, actual bankruptcies on the farm are few – among two-fifths of one percent of all bankruptcies.

The advisory committee's defense of controlled crop production supported at 90 percent of parity shows what a shibboleth this figure has become. For a Democrat to be for anything else is a venal, if not mortal, sin. Yet what the crop control programs that restrict planted acreage have accomplished is not the control of agricultural production but the stimulation of efficiency, an increase in yields per acre.

This can be defended – it has made possible at an accelerated rate the feeding of the nation by an ever-smaller proportion of its population, with the growing remainder thus available for other work. But it doesn't cut down on the crops – or assure their use.

It is worth asking also whether the scandal of big payments has not gone far enough. Pages of the *Congressional Record* set forth the facts: Last year, 96 wheat growers got crop loan checks in excess of $50,000; four sugar companies got payments on their 1957 crop ranging from $549,000 to over $1 million; and 250 wool producers got $50,000 or more on their 1958 clip. The companies that store the grain taken in under the Commodity Credit Corporation loan program have been feeling no pain: The C-G-F Company in Kansas was paid $32.5 million for performing this service in 1959, and four other companies got more than $6 million each.

At the other end of the scale, there is the scandal of small payments: Out of 242,260 loans on the 1959 wheat crop, 41,436 were under $500, and 55,971 more ranged from $500 to $1,000. Of 49,165 grain sorghum loans, more than half were for under $1,000; of 51,473 soybean loans, 22,000 were for under $1,000. A question that needs to be faced is whether the Democratic committee's aim of "providing the farm operator and his family with a standard of living equivalent to those afforded to persons depending upon other gainful occupations" can be realized without frankly facing the problem of the inefficient, smaller farm. The preservation of the family farm which is likewise an efficient farm is worthwhile, but so are measures which discourage the continuance of farms that cannot yield an American standard of living.

A new Administration could find uses for the food

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this country is capable of producing. Toward the end of its report the advisory committee points to the possibilities of expanding, through the Food Stamp Plan proposed by the 86th Congress, the domestic consumption of food by needy families, the aged and the unemployed. It also notes the opportunity for using food surplus "to combat famine abroad, and finance and support economic development in countries greatly in need of such development" through Food for Peace programs.

These, however, appear only after the committee has sworn its loyalty to the ancient creed.

Some fresh thought about a program whose size (an estimated $6.775 billion for 1959) is exceeded only by the cost of national defense and the interest on the public debt is wanted. The President is right about that. A sensible program could keep these payments from going – quite literally, some of them – down a rat-hole; and it could see to it that the country's production is put to use here and abroad. But of fresh thought, these current Democratic recommendations to the platform committee give little evidence.

Congress Limps Along

Most Congresses incline to move a good deal faster in the second year session than in the first. This Congress is the exception that proves the rule. The eight weeks of immobilization while civil rights was argued is part of the explanation. By the time this issue had been disposed of, there simply was not sufficient time to advance such legislation as housing through the complicated maze of Congressional procedures.

The limited achievements of this session were predictable last year once President Eisenhower gave warning that he would make liberal use of the veto on bills that cost money and the majority leaders in Congress responded by voluntarily tailoring Democratic programs to fit the Republican budget. The slump in initiative was worse in the House than in the Senate. The constant threat of veto and the power of the Halleck-Southern coalition on most issues combined to take the fight out of Speaker Rayburn and other Democratic leaders.

Before the end of May some kind of federal aid to education bill will have made its way to the President. But unless the House, which still has to complete action, settles for a simple school construction measure involving very little money, Mr. Eisenhower is expected to veto it. Before adjournment both houses are also likely to pass some tepid medical care plan for the aged, as well as raising the minimum wage somewhat – probably providing for small enough increases in pay and coverage to escape the Presidential knife.

But that's about all.

"In times of crisis, the newspapers are first with the cry: 'Let the people know the facts!' But perhaps Fact is a deity invoked by the people only in the last emergency when the easy gods of peace have failed them."

- Dorothy L. Sayers, 1941

"Did You Fellows Get All the News from Paris?"

"What has happened in Paris is no real disaster for our beloved country." – *Sen. Kuchel*, May 18, 1960.

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"What Mr. Khrushchev did was not the sort of thing any sane national leader would do about unwelcome overflights of his national territory if he genuinely had the capability of shooting down the overflyers. . . . He would not have demanded needless guarantees that the overflights would be halted."

– *Joseph Alsop*, May 17, 1960

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"Just make it your own case; suppose the Spartans
Had manned a boat and landed on your islands,
And stolen a pug puppy from Seriphos;
Would you then have remained home inglorious?
Not so, by no means, at the first report,
You would have launched at once three hundred galleys,
And filled the city with noise of troops;
And crew of ships, crowding and clamoring
About the paymasters and the muster masters: . . .
Our arsenal would have sounded and resounded
With bangs and thwacks of driving bolts and nails;
With hacking, hammering, clattering and boring;
Words of command, whistles and pipes and fifes.
Such would have been your conduct. Will you say,
That Telephus should have acted otherwise?"

– *Aristophanes' Acharnians*, 425 B.C

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Castro and the Communists

The Communist issue has always been the bugbear of the Castro regime's enemies inside and outside Cuba. The Hearst papers began their attacks on the new "Soviet beachhead" a few weeks after the Revolution's triumphant entry into Havana last year. Since then *Time*, *Newsweek*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, Senators Capehart and Smathers, former Assistant Secretary of State Spruille Braden, and a number of defected Cuban officials have repeated the charge.

Cuba's leaders have unquestionably given grounds for uneasiness. The tight little group of *barbudos* that runs the revolution has welcomed Soviet aid while attempting to spread fear and suspicion of the US; Castro has warned that "anti-Communism is anti-revolutionary." Leftists like Ernesto Guevara, director of the National Institute of Agrarian Reform (INRA); Raul Castro, head of the Cuban Army; and Jesus Soto, second in command of the Confederation of Cuban Workers have steadily increased their power and ousted anti-Communist officials. Recent trade agreements with Poland and the Soviet Union, coupled with "wild irrational abuse" of the United States – the words are Adlai Stevenson's – make it seem at least possible that Castro is either a dupe or a knowing ally of the Communists.

Yet the Cuban revolution so far seems more anti-US than pro-Soviet. Anti-clericalism is conspicuously absent; Castro has been on good terms with the clergy and is frequently photographed in the company of priests – though in recent weeks the Catholic Church has begun to have some doubts about the direction the revolution is taking. The Popular Socialist Party (PSP), composed of Cuba's genuine Bolsheviks, cooperated with Batista until his fall was imminent. Now, the PSP and its newspaper *Hoy* faithfully follow the line set by Fidel, but Communists in other countries have also been known to support non-Communists; it happened to Winston Churchill and to FDR.

There were several of the Cuban leaders who sharply quizzed Anastas Mikoyan about his country's misdeeds during his visit to Havana last February, and in Cuba's popular weekly *Bohemia* he could have read a photographic report on the misery of daily life in the Soviet Union and another about the Budapest uprising. Castro's is a nationalist revolution which so far enjoys overwhelming popular support; having just thrown off American control of their economy Cuba's leaders are not prepared to take orders from anybody else.

Castro's negotiations with the Soviet *bloc* are also understandable from a nationalist Cuban point of view. The 12-year credit of $100 million at 2.5 percent interest negotiated with Mikoyan eased the balance-of-payments crisis, and crude oil shipments from eastern Europe are arriving just in time to forestall threatened cut-offs by Esso, Texaco and Shell. Poland has agreed to take Cuban sugar, coffee, tobacco, nickel, and manganese in exchange for the shipping, factory equipment, and machinery so badly needed for the INRA's ambitious industrialization program. In addition, it is an article of faith among Cuba's leaders that the US intervened to overthrow a social revolution similar to their own in Guatemala in 1954. Their trade agreements with the Soviet Union have focused so much attention on their Caribbean crossroads, they feel, that similar secret skulduggery will be impossible in Cuba. It is for this reason also that the Revolution has armed and trained a total of nearly one million militiamen and women.

Cuba today is still overtly and self-consciously saying "no" to both the world's great powers. Castro's windy, leftist rhetoric can be identified with Soviet Communism only by an obtuseness calculated to hand over to the Kremlin many of the world's nationalist and revolutionary parties. Castro is establishing collective farms without the brutal terrorism of the Stalin regime. He is endlessly, raucously stirring up Cuban pride and patriotism, but in the main his program is still the one laid down a quarter of a century ago by the young revolutionary in Hemingway's *To Have and Have Not*: "We want to start clean and give every man a chance. We want to end the slavery of the *guajiros*, you know, the peasants, and divide the big sugar estates among the people that work them. But we are not Communists."

Birmingham Blues

Newspapers have published terrifying descriptions of the open warfare being waged by segregationists, and of the lack of legal restraints that exist today in Birmingham, Alabama. Strangely, one finds in none of the powerful indictments of the people of Birmingham and their public officials any serious effort to answer the question, "How did Birmingham get that way?" It stretches the imagination to believe that such savage disregard for life and human dignity, and such a breakdown of legal protection for citizens, could exist in a major American city. But the news writers are able and reputable, and they have visited the scene.

More than any other big city in the South, Birmingham is dominated by Northern capital. It is not a Southern city at all in terms of control or culture. It is the city of US Steel, of those who play the game Steel's way, and good race relations in Birmingham have never been an apparent concern to Steel. Indeed the election and re-election of a Police Commissioner like "Bull" Conner suggests the opposite. Backing from Steel and the financial powers of Birmingham for Conner, for the brilliant racist and former Governor, Frank M. Dixon, and for former Congressman Laurie Battle (who played on prejudices in his 1954 effort against Sen.

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John Sparkman with evangelical fervor) has helped to keep race a throbbing issue. Preoccupation with race diverts attention from the needed reapportionment of the state legislature which might end the effective alliance of Birmingham and the ultra-conservative counties of the Black Belt. Race keeps the voters from worrying too much about tax revenues for schools – which Steel and friends never fail to oppose. And race divides and weakens labor.

Let it be clear, however, that management in the North is not alone responsible for the national shame that is Birmingham. Labor is guilty, too. Somehow the fine phrases uttered at the AFL-CIO conventions do not reach – or at least do not impress – the men in the mines and rolling mills of Birmingham.

What about the Birmingham press? The morning *Post-Herald* has long been a member of the Scripps-Howard chain, based in the North, and the afternoon *News* was sold by local owners not long ago to Newhouse, another Yankee chain publisher. What is the stand of these Northern-owned newspapers on segregation? It could not be more faithful to Southern segregationist tradition.

Who's to blame for the shame of Birmingham? The people who live there, and the elected officials, local and state, who wink at the law, of course. But behind them run lines of economic and political power straight into New York, Washington and other cities in the North. The belief is inescapable that if the men at the other ends of these lines were to act with courage and in terms of the highest moral and national interest, they could improve things in Birmingham. When – and if – that long delayed word trickles down South to "The Steel City," it may be surprising how many local citizens, now silent, will allow themselves to be counted for the rule of law.

And in Denver . . .

A visiting sports editor from Ghana, a guest of the State Department and commissioned by his President to pick up ideas for a forthcoming continental sports meeting at home, checked into his hotel in Denver late in the afternoon. He had come from a day at one of the nation's military academies. He went out to get a few pictures before the light failed, and was focussing on the town's handsome Union Station, when there was a shout, police surrounded him and told him he was interfering with "police business," he was loaded into the paddy wagon and taken to police headquarters. Here a night captain lectured him and told him he could go. He picked up his camera, but someone had unlatched it and it fell open, spoiling about 30 pictures he had taken that day.

The man is Kofi Badu, sports editor of the Accra, Ghana, *Times*, who is a member of a committee named by President Kwame Nkrumah to prepare for the forthcoming Pan-African games in Ghana.

His own account of the incident which appeared the next morning caused a sensation. It appeared that the police thought he was photographing an arrest of a "drunk." The night police captain dismissed the incident by telling reporters that "it was some nigger in a goat-beard who was brought in for interfering with police business. We didn't touch him. I just told him to keep his nose out of police business. We didn't get his name."

The Attorney General Acts

The federal government's decision to force Biloxi, Mississippi, to desegregate its public beach is the strongest evidence to date of the emboldening power of the "sit-ins." A "wade-in" demonstration by 40-50 Negroes in that Gulf resort city on April 24 called attention to the fact that the bathing facilities in question had been largely built with $1.1 million of federal funds – provided under an agreement that local officials maintain the beach "perpetually for public use." That agreement is being broken, since city and county officers are enforcing a policy of interfering with the free use of the beach "by a certain part of the public, namely, persons of the Negro race," the federal government charges in a suit aimed at enjoining against any future "discriminating . . . on the basis of race or color."

This action and the fact that the Department of Justice invoked the Civil Rights Act of 1960 to open Southern polls to Negroes only three days after President Eisenhower signed it into law on May 6 seem to foreshadow a general increase in momentum on cases involving civil rights.

Attorney General Rogers and his close friend Vice President Nixon are ahead of Congress in their thinking in this area. Rogers did his best to include two strengthening provisions, with respect to job discrimination and desegregation of schools, that were dropped from the final 1960 bill. Two years earlier he had tried to put pressure on Southern cities to comply with school desegregation by threatening to withhold federal contracts from recalcitrant areas. However, the White House called the Attorney General to task for suggesting this publicly – too punitive and vindictive, and not the way to make progress, he was told. Now, as this Administration approaches the end, apparently Rogers feels freer to follow his own judgment – and that of the next candidate – on such matters. And certainly the "sit-ins" are answer enough if Congressional Republicans complain that the Department of Justice is leading, not following, the public's desire for a firm and fair enforcement of civil rights laws.

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A Rattled Opposition

The oration on unity of Senator Johnson that brought even Vice President Nixon down from the dais to shake his hand, and the pronunciamento of the Four Horsemen of the Democratic Party were, perchance, very statesmanlike utterances. They were all designed to assure old Khrushchev that we Americans will stand behind the President come what may.

Old K may be convinced, but a doubt lingers. One can imagine him as replying, in effect, "Granting the sincerity of your intentions, exactly how will you manage to stand behind a whirling dervish?" The quotations published in this journal last week under the headline, "Dialogue of the Week," show Mr. Eisenhower facing in so many directions in such rapid succession that only Stephen Leacock's distracted lover who "mounted several horses and rode off in every direction" could have followed him successfully.

Far be it from a superficial observer to question either the intensity or the nobility of the Democrats' patriotism, but the whole show does bring to mind the befuddled Sunday-school scholar's report that the Bible says that Aesop sold his copyright for a mess of potash.

At present the Democrats are supposed to hold a copyright on critical, but intelligent examination of the Administration's practices, even when they accept its policies. Certainly the policy of presenting granitic opposition to Communist aggression is beyond criticism; but the practice of leaving holes through which Khrushchev can gaily drive his troika, three horses abreast, is open to reasonable objection. Yet the Democrats chose to muffle, if not to smother, objection to the practice, under lavish praise of the policy.

The explanation – no reason, by the way – is that the Democrats were thrown into a dither by the kiss of death that the Russian planted upon both cheeks of the Democratic Party when he intimated that the next American Administration may be more to his liking. It is easy to believe that the Democratic leaders figured Mr. K donated five million votes to Nixon.

It would be natural if they were filled with rage, frustration and despair at the thought that Mr. Nixon, that miraculous harvester of the salt waves, once more is about to reap vast profit from a national humiliation. He squeezed the last ounce of political profit from McCarthyism before it grew too mephitic to handle. The oil smear in 1952 he turned to immense advantage. His reckless poking into the South American hornets' nest increased his gains. It would be the last turn of the screw if, out of the wreckage of the Summit conference, he salvaged the Presidency!

If the situation momentarily unbalanced the Democrats' judgment, it is no wonder. Khrushchev seemed to be leaving them no possible recourse but to nominate Kennedy, not although, but because he is a Catholic. Catholicism, after all, is the one triple-plated guarantee of a candidate's anti-Communism, and with the Russian leader edging in their direction the Democrats henceforth must be not merely strongly, but frantically anti-Communist or Nixon will be a shoo-in.

Or so it may have appeared to the Democrats in those first explosive days. But appearances are notoriously deceptive. When the dust settles things may wear a very different look, and a lot of dust will settle before November.

The inescapable truth is that the Administration made a ghastly hash of the business, and if the Russian had been just a little more clever he could have come very near stripping us completely of effective influence in the world. As it is, that influence is badly damaged. By our blundering, Pakistan and Norway have been put upon a very hot spot, which has not escaped the notice of other nations in which we hold air bases. The ring around Russia has not – we hope – been broken, but it most certainly has not been strengthened.

It is the legitimate function, indeed, it is the first duty, of the "loyal opposition" sharply, if needs be stridently, to call attention to gross incompetence in the pursuance of any policy, and especially of a policy that all parties approve. If sensational events so rattle the leadership of the opposition that they forget this duty, the fact reduces confidence in their competence to manage things better.

Failure of the Democrats to meet this crisis with temperate and judicious, but well aimed criticism looks all too much like a surrender of their copyright. Moreover, to do it for no better purpose than to pose before the country as sterling patriots, in fact, several percentage points more sterling than the Republicans, may have been exceedingly smart politics, but a superficial observer presumes to doubt it.

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The Brass Roots for Nixon

by Lloyd R. Winburn

Being press agent for any unopposed candidate for public office is a hard job, and it's no easier if the candidate happens to be the inevitable Republican nominee for the Presidency. To work off his frustrations, Herbert Klein, aide to Richard Nixon, recently called a press conference to report, though no one had asked him, that "The Vice President's bandwagon is rolling and rolling hard at the grass roots level."

Which makes it proper to inquire: How deep grow the roots?

In California, where the last of the nation's Presidential primaries will be held on June 7, the Vice President will be competing in a popularity contest with a Democratic slate headed by Governor Pat Brown as a favorite son, but including delegates who favor other candidates. Brown has made a point of the fact that the Vice President has retained two public relations agencies in the state to cultivate those "Grass Rooters for Nixon." But actually there are not two, there are five, and the digging and sprinkling has been going on since September, 1959.

Nixon clubs are organized regionally – in northern California, the Los Angeles area, Orange County and San Diego County – mainly because those are where the Nixon-employed ad firms are located. The Whitaker & Baxter agency in the Flood Building, San Francisco, is the address of the "Nixon in '60 Committee of Northern California." Baus & Ross, 2796 West Eighth Street, Los Angeles, is also the address of the "Richard M. Nixon for President Committee," and the "Orange County Committee of 10,000, Richard M. Nixon for President," is at 2133 W. Chapman Avenue in Orange, the same address as the agency known as Robert Geier Associates. The *Orange Daily News* has listed Robert Geier as the Nixon club campaign director.

Although there is a separate Nixon Committee headquarters in San Diego at 1072 Second Avenue, this was not opened until January after two agencies, Armstrong, Fenton & Vinson, and Champ, Wilson & Slocum, organized the first Nixon clubs in the country. Releases of the "Nixon in '60 Committee of northern California" carry the Whitaker & Baxter masthead with the names of Clem Whitaker, Jr., James Dorais and Newton Stearns. The Nixon Committee San Francisco telephone number, Sutter 1-3751, is the Whitaker & Baxter telephone number. A Los Angeles release of the Nixon For President Club carries the notation, "Represented by Baus and Ross Company, 2796 West 8th Street, Dunkirk 8-1107." Dunkirk 8-1107 is also the telephone number of the Nixon for President Committee which lists William B. Ross of Baus and Ross as campaign director.

California men on the Nixon staff who are behind "Grass Rooters for Dick" are Robert Finch, Nixon's administrative assistant and former chairman of the Los Angeles Republican Committee, and Mr. Klein, who is editor-on-leave from the *San Diego Union*. A scattering of California Republican Congressmen are helping, led by Rep. Bob Wilson of San Diego, who is the only member of an advertising firm to sit in Congress. (He is a partner in the Champ Wilson & Slocum agency which is working with Armstrong, Fenton & Vinson to organize Nixon clubs in San Diego County.)

The first Nixon clubs in the state were organized in September by Baus & Ross in Yorba Linda, Nixon's birthplace, and Whittier, where the Vice President grew up; and on October 11 the *Los Angeles Times* in three-column headlines and photo reported, "Nixon-For-President Club Aims to Get 10,000 Here." The story began, "Los Angeles citizens have joined the Nixon-for-President Club drive – a grass roots movement which has boomed since its inception in Vice President Nixon's home town area of Whittier-Yorba Linda." Thomas P. Pike, head of the grass roots club, stressed the "absolutely nonpartisan" aspect of the drive and said, according to the *Times*, "Democrats, Republicans and independents alike are joining the Nixon-for-President Club parade." Pike is a former assistant to President Eisenhower and a former Assistant Secretary of Defense, and thereafter his name appeared prominently in Nixon campaign material and press releases issued by Baus & Ross. Committee members of the "grass roots" movement listed by the *Times* included Alphonso E. Bell, Finch's successor as Los Angeles chairman; advertising man Don Belding, Walt Disney, Irene Dunne, Mrs. Bernard Giannini, Herbert Hoover, Jr., George Murphy, Harry Buffum, Zazu Pitts, Dick Powell, Edward S. Shattuck, Republican national committeeman; Jack Warner, Robert Warner, Jack Wrather, owner of numerous radio and TV stations and of the luxurious Knoa Kai Club in San Diego, and Dr. Arnold O. Beckman of Beckman Industries, who later accepted the chairmanship of the Orange County "Neighbors

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for Nixon" which had been set up by the Geier firm.

A set of instructions for organizing the "grass roots," sent out by Baus & Ross in October states: "The Nixon problem is to be elected President of the United States – not to gain the Republican nomination. . . . Those who campaign for Nixon's nomination actually do him a disservice by lowering him from the exalted political position he now occupies – the obvious favorite of the present President of the United States.

"Our job *now* is to set up an organization for winning the November election – an organization attractive to voters of both major parties and the independents. When we succeed in organizing this broad support, it will be apparent to every delegate at the GOP convention that Vice President Nixon, the trained and hand-picked successor to President Eisenhower, is the *only* Republican who can be elected in November of 1960."

Baus and Ross subsequently issued a more elaborate pamphlet entitled, "How to Organize a Nixon for President Committee in Your Community," which opened with the statement: "For the first time in history a man has been *trained* [their italics] to be President of the United States." On the same page is the paragraph: "Despite the President's uncompromising attitude of neutrality in the election of his successor, Vice President Nixon obviously occupies the unassailable position of Eisenhower's trusted lieutenant and trained successor – head and shoulders above all other contenders. Other 'hopefuls' will be heard from (they may add to the ticket and the forthcoming Nixon administration) but Nixon, as the hand-picked successor to President Eisenhower, is the *only* [their italics] Republican who can be elected President in November of 1960."

In San Francisco on November 18, Whitaker & Baxter released an announcement by John W. Dinkelspiel and Caspar W. Weinberger of the formation of a "volunteer Nixon for President Committee of Northern California citizens." Dinkelspiel is a former chairman of the San Mateo County Republican Central Committee, and Weinberger is a former Republican member of the Legislature. The release listed, on five legal-sheets, double-spaced, names of Nixon Committee members in 46 northern countries. Almost all are well-known registered Republicans, including, in Santa Clara County, the GOP state chairman, George W. Milias, Jr., of Gilroy.

Nixon has made many visits to California since "Grass Rooters for Dick" got underway. Each visit is fringed with a sectional tour and a round of "nonpolitical" appearances, and the agency men are invariably present to help with arrangements. In December Nixon saw Ross and Pike in Los Angeles, then went to Newport Beach where he saw Armstrong and Representative Wilson, as well as San Diego and Orange County leaders. In February he was back in Los Angeles for conferences at the Statler Hotel with representatives of the five ad agencies and state Nixon club leaders.

California newspapers have reported the existence of about 250 clubs, but these are no more than paper organizations in such places as Broderick, Lemon Cove, Hollister, Llano and Portrero. In the larger cities there are meetings, luncheons and dinners – but the clubs, if they ever existed in the small towns and villages, are dormant. In February Pike was quoted, in a Baus & Ross release, as saying there were 55 clubs with more than 15,000 members in the Los Angeles area. This averages about 275 members per club. I have not seen a single newspaper account of a Nixon club meeting which reported more than 40 members in attendance, and according to many of the newspaper stories, attendance ranges from 10 to 20.

Newsletters and press releases from both the San Diego committee and the Armstrong agency stress the need of wide backing for Nixon. One newsletter dated February 11 and signed by Clair W. Burgener reports that ". . . Dick Nixon feels that nonpartisan membership should be the keynote in any Nixon for President group formed." In San Diego, an Armstrong agency release dated November 25, 1959, announced the formation of Young Men for Nixon with Chairman Laurie Flood saying "he thought the movement would spread to other cities in California and across the nation." As of now, Young Men for Nixon is still operating only in San Diego.

The press releases of the Nixon clubs in northern California, although ostensibly emanating from various communities, reveal a sameness in form, content and mechanical duplication which suggests a common agency origin. Melville E. Willson of Fresno, is quoted as saying: "As a truly working Vice President . . . he has proved himself an able and qualified leader. . . ." Whitaker & Baxter had earlier written that line for Dinkelspiel and Weinberger this way: "As the first truly working Vice President . . ."

Although there is no central direction of the "Grass Rooters for Dick" movement in California, outside of Nixon's own office in Washington, the agencies apparently work closely with each other. George E. Taylor of 4494 30th Street, San Diego, wrote to a Mrs. Enid K. James that he wanted to form a Nixon group in San Diego. Mrs. James passed the letter to Baus & Ross in Los Angeles and Ross wrote to Taylor on October 30: "My understanding is that this work is currently being headed up by Mr. Tom Armstrong of the Armstrong, Fenton and Vinson Agency. I would suggest that you check in with him immediately in order that there be no duplication of activities. Meanwhile, I am sending you our 'How to Organize' folder."

"What Dick Nixon has in California," a San Francisco advertising man said some weeks ago, "is a Madison Avenue stretching 1,580 miles from Yreka in the north to San Ysidro on the Mexican border."

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No Mourning for Nikita

He Knows What He's Doing, and He's Boss

by Richard Lowenthal

Why did Khrushchev, after two years of working steadily for a Summit conference, suddenly refuse to take part in it at the last moment? Why did he revert to the crudest kind of Cold War language just when his tireless campaign for an international detente seemed about to reach its ostensible goal?

The apparent change in the direction of Russian policy has been so dramatic, and so out of proportion to the spy-plane affair which officially occasioned it, that it has raised widespread doubts whether Khrushchev is still in command at all. The Western reading public is told by experienced correspondents, quoting anonymous diplomatic experts on Soviet affairs, that he has been virtually overthrown by a coalition composed of the Chinese Communist leaders, the "Stalinist" party presidium, and the Soviet army leadership. The party presidium, it is assumed, must have adopted new policy directives just before or even after Khrushchev left for Paris, and the enraged party boss who wrecked the Summit meeting in full view of the world's press was just carrying out these directives under the stern eye of Marshal Malinovsky. In short, the chubby cherub of peace has had his wings clipped by sinister Asiatics, into whose hands American blundering has betrayed him, and may never again be allowed out with an olive branch.

Now all of us, experts or non-experts, know so little about the internal maneuvering in the Soviet Communist leadership that even that moving fable may contain some truth. But for the record, it seems worth pointing out that what little facts we *do* know point in an entirely different direction. They suggest that Khrushchev is not the spokesman of a democratic committee but a dictator in full command of *all* the levers of power; that the officer corps, while probably discontented about recent cuts in the strength of Soviet conventional forces, has neither the ambition nor the possibility to influence the major policies of the party; and that the Chinese Communist leaders, while in open disagreement with some of these policies, have no substantial allies in Moscow. They also suggest good reasons why Khrushchev himself should have come to regard a Summit meeting as inopportune and indeed dangerous at the present moment – dangerous from the point of view of his strategy; and why, while obviously compelled to modify his immediate tactics following the Summit fiasco, he is still free to pursue his major objectives and not yet, as of now, committed to precipitate a *real* – as distinct from a *verbal* – international crisis by authorizing serious action against West Berlin.

On May 4, three days after the spy plane crashed near Sverdlovsk and on the eve of Khrushchev's speech to the Supreme Soviet, the Soviet press announced a reshuffle in the top leadership that had been approved by a plenary session of the Central Committee. Its main result, apart from the known disgrace of Kirichenko and Belyayev, was a stricter separation between the three power machines that are represented in the party presidium: the Soviet Government, the Central Committee Secretariat, and the Party Bureau for the Russian Federative Republic. Henceforth, nobody would work in more than one of those three bodies – except Khrushchev, who heads all three, with different deputies in each of them. There could be no clearer indication of the concentration of personal power in the hands of the man whom the Comintern veteran Kuusinen, now confirmed as member of the presidium and secretariat, had less than two weeks before described as "head of the Soviet state" – a constitutionally incorrect but politically meaningful phrase. As for the formal head of state, old Voroshilov, the last survivor in office of the majority of the party presidium which had opposed Khrushchev in June '57, during the decisive battle of the post-Stalin succession crisis, he was honorably retired a few days later and replaced by Leonid Brezhnev, a proved Khrushchev supporter from the party secretariat.

All these changes, let it be remembered, were approved when the shooting down of the U-2 was already known. So was a whole series of new measures to increase the supply of consumer goods, raise lower incomes and reduce working hours, presented by Khrushchev in his speech to the Supreme Soviet and proudly referred to by him as valid Soviet policy in his final thunderous press conference in Paris. Before the

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Supreme Soviet, Khrushchev also dispensed blame and praise to the military (for failing to bring down an earlier American plane, but succeeding the second time); and in his speech at the Czechoslovak Embassy on May 9, while stepping up the anti-American campaign, he poked gentle fun at the military leaders' anxiety about further cuts in their strength, which would nevertheless be made in due time. On the same day, 300 officers were promoted to general rank, and the decree was signed by Khrushchev himself; also on the same day, celebrated as the anniversary of the German surrender in the last war, Marshal Malinovsky in his speech went out of his way to praise Khrushchev and to support his consumer goods policy, his disarmament offers and his service cuts. Nor is this surprising: it was, after all, Khrushchev who appointed Malinovsky as Minister of War in the place of the more ambitious and politically-independent Zhukov. Similarly, there is no reason to doubt the loyalty to Khrushchev of the military leaders who emerged on top in the latest reorganization, Zakharov and the Ukrainian Grechko, while one of the retiring chiefs, Marshal Sokolovsky, had long been associated with Malenkov.

There remains only one supposed indication of military "pressure" – the conference of the party organization in the armed forces which was held in the days directly preceding the Paris conference, and was addressed by the new formal chief of state, Brezhnev (who is an experienced political commissar), as well as by Suslov from the party secretariat and Ignatov, the party secretary just transferred to the government as a deputy minister president. It is perfectly plausible that this conference was at least partly concerned with the problem of maintaining morale in the officers' corps following the January cut in troop strength, and that the delegates' reports may have shown this to be serious. But to believe that such a conference, whose very purpose is to improve the Communist Party's guidance of the armed forces, could voice a demand for a reversal of major party policies is to mistake the Soviet Union for a somewhat chaotic semi-democracy of the Latin American type. Even Zhukov, who enjoyed far more personal prestige than any of the present leaders, and who reached the peak of his career as a member of the party presidium toward the end of the post-Stalin succession crisis, never aimed at more than greater internal independence for the army. Now that party rule is consolidated with no military leader in the party presidium, and with party power visibly concentrated in an undisputed leader, the idea of military pressure influencing foreign policy is utterly fantastic. Malinovsky – one of more than 100 members of the Central Committee – was not sent to Paris by a mysterious new "majority" to "supervise" Khrushchev; Khrushchev took him along as a gangster puts a pistol on the negotiating table – as a stage prop.

Yet while Khrushchev is in full control – as much, say, as Stalin was in 1929, when he had defeated all his rivals but not killed them – he still lacks the prestige of historic achievement; his authority is not yet independent of continuous, ever-renewed success. This distinction is vital in connection with the one major dispute in the Communist camp that is not speculative but demonstrably real – the dispute with the Chinese Communists.

Criticism from Peking

That dispute, which first came into the open over a number of issues in 1958, and was temporarily bridged at the turn of 1958-59, has reached a new stage of acuteness since last fall when Khrushchev's American visit was followed by unconcealed disagreement with Peking. In their public documents, the Chinese never criticized the idea of "peaceful coexistence" in the sense of avoidance of world war as such, nor the use of personal diplomacy and Summit negotiation. But they rejected Khrushchev's attempt to differentiate between "realistic imperialists" like Eisenhower who might make concessions for the sake of peace, and "militarist diehards"; and, sticking to Lenin's view that war was inevitable while imperialism lasted, they argued that the best way to avoid world war was to embarrass the "imperialists" by supporting national and colonial revolutions and local wars wherever possible, rather than to soft-pedal them for the sake of a good negotiating atmosphere. The discussion, excluded from the Russian-edited *World Marxist Review* in which no Chinese contribution appeared after October, 1959, has lately come to the surface in Chinese and Russian statements for the 90th anniversary of Lenin's birth; and the Chinese documents, with their stress on "uninterrupted revolution" and the primacy of international revolutionary solidarity over diplomatic maneuvering are remarkable for a Trotskyite rather than a Stalinist flavor. Significantly, Khrushchev attacked the "Trotskyite adventurism" of the policy of "neither peace nor war" in his first major policy speech after returning from Washington and Peking, on October 31st last year; and he has enjoyed solid public support in his own party in the dispute ever since.

But the Khrushchevian alternative to Peking's "uninterrupted revolution" was never *detente* as an aim in itself, or for the sake of peaceful economic progress at home: It was *detente* as a means to achieve foreign policy gains with strictly limited risks. The "Berlin crisis" is as essential a part of the Khrushchevian concept as is the propaganda of peaceful coexistence – both are aspects of an over-all strategy aimed at disrupting the Western Alliance and thus establishing a definite power superiority for the Soviet bloc without indulging in the kind of brinkmanship that is all too dangerous

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in the nuclear age. Khrushchev feels able and is willing to grant his people improved living and welfare standards, but he is no mere do-gooder – he remains a Communist believing in continuous transformation of the collective farms at home and steady if cautious expansion abroad.

Yet expansion with limited risk presupposes an opponent who is ready to yield; the popular Western slogan of recent months, that Khrushchev "cannot have a *detente* and Berlin, too" is only true in the opposite case. It is here that Khrushchev's "differentiation tactics," his distinction between "realists" and "diehards" in the imperialist camp, have their importance. After Camp David, the Bolshevik leader felt that the President of the United States could be brought to yield to Khrushchev's supposedly superior power – if only he refrained from the cruder form of direct threats. As the Chinese Communists, fearful of an understanding at their expense, denied this possibility and insisted that American imperialism could not change, and that Eisenhower was "the chieftain of the US imperialists," Khrushchev allowed himself to be tied to this differentiation as if it were a matter of principle. Yet as the Summit approached, the chances of obtaining substantial unilateral concessions on Berlin visibly diminished, and the risk of a failure which might endanger not Khrushchev's power in Russia, but his prestige in the international Communist movement and his authority in the contest against Peking, increased.

By the end of April, after Mr. Dillon's speech on Berlin and Germany (April 20), and after the exchange of conflicting interpretations of Leninism between the Chinese and his own mouthpiece Kuusinen (April 22), Khrushchev clearly perceived the danger and sought to step up the pressure on the West with his threatening Baku speech (April 25). It was at that stage that the U-2 incident intervened.

Effect of the U-2 Flight

At first, Khrushchev merely tried to use the incident tactically and propagandistically – to increase the pressure on the Americans before the Summit talks, to improve his chances of gaining advantages by negotiation. But it is not true that he used it in masterly fashion. In his anxiety to prove right by proving successful, he leaned too heavily on the "differentiation angle" – stressing incessantly that this was a provocation of the American "diehard militarists" intended to spoil the atmosphere for the peaceloving President Eisenhower. By insisting on this version, he achieved the opposite of what he intended – he morally compelled the President to assume personal responsibility for the reconnaissance flights over Soviet territory.

This is said without the least intention to belittle the blunders committed by successive statements on the American side – from the initial eager lie to the later untenable assertion that the flights over Soviet territory would continue. But the one element which Khrushchev's exploitation of the affair made inevitable was that, *if* American responsibility was admitted, the President himself had to do so. And when that happened, Khrushchev's differentiation tactics collapsed – leaving him looking foolish in the eyes of all Communists who had followed the controversy with the Chinese.

The turning point, then, was May 11 – the day when Khrushchev, speaking in Gorki Park, first reacted to Mr. Herter's statement of May 9 – "The President has put into effect since the beginning of his Administration directives to gather by every possible means the information required to protect the United States and the free world against surprise attack. . . . Programs have been developed and put into operation which have included extensive aerial surveillance. . . ." The President promptly confirmed that statement in his press conference. After that news, the full text of Khrushchev's remarks at Gorki Park – the remarks of a leader who was no longer concerned solely with propaganda, but upset with the prospect of a major diplomatic failure – was released the following day. Yet however bitter and aggressive, Khrushchev still did not abandon hope; he went to Paris determined to press for a personal apology from Eisenhower as a last chance to save his "differentiation tactics." When that failed, he knew that substantial negotiation could not now give him the visible victory he needed to recoup his loss of prestige.

There were, then, two possible courses before him: To enter the Summit talks and let them break down over Berlin; or to refuse to join the talks over the U-2. Of these, the latter may well have appeared to Khrushchev to be the less dangerous alternative. For with a breakdown over Berlin, he would have been politically committed to sign the "peace treaty" with Eastern Germany, and thus to precipitate a serious crisis. But with a noisy refusal to negotiate now, coupled with personal insults to the President, he kept his freedom to wait for another Summit next year, if he saw a chance of a better success then – or not. Insults do not, in this century, lead to nuclear war; the attempt to interfere with allied planes may.

If this interpretation is right, Mr. Khrushchev has not only kept power, but has so far kept to his concept of limited risk. But if the West sticks to a policy of firmness on Berlin, as it must if it is not to foster its own disintegration, Khrushchev is sooner or later due for an "agonizing reappraisal" – for the final choice between his expansive objectives and his wish to avoid fatal gambles. No Western policy that takes care of our own interests as free countries can spare him this choice. Likewise, no sound Western policy, avoiding all the recent blunders, could have spared his dilemma, before or at the Paris conference.

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To What Are We Committed?

A first need in our international policies is to be clear about our fundamental aims. We are trying to construct a civilized world for the genus man. We are trying to create for the whole human family institutions, obligations, decencies and traditions which will enable it – with planetary suicide in sight – to avoid disaster and build for itself a saner, comelier life on earth.

Am I wrong in supposing that in the world at large there is some latent desire to see expressed and practised the policies which unite us, which express not our differences but our profound human needs, which give us something of our human solidarity, which leave our tribal feuding behind and remind us of the grandeurs and miseries of our shared destiny?

Here we are caught up in our horrible war games, in this gang warfare of a delinquent universe. But in our hearts – and perhaps in Communist hearts as well – there are times when we feel to the core war's idiocy and futility. We cannot give up our armaments separately. We are like two men in a dark room, each armed and feeling for the other. Neither dare put his weapon down for fear the other does not. But as we grope in the dark, could we not reach for some other light to flood our narrow chamber, some fresh illumination of our intentions which might enable us at last with confidence to put the ugly weapons aside?

Light could come, I believe, from working together on projects really relevant to our profoundest human needs. We know what they are. They are not concerned with frontiers or nuclear weapons or matters of prestige. They deal with the fundamentals of our living – with the surge of population, with the expansion of food, the mobilization of resources, the direction of science to creative ends, the opening of the doors of knowledge – through competing in excellence, not in tons of metal or kilowatt hours.

Such aims, more in keeping with the full dimensions of the human spirit, need not remain remote and disembodied. Why not propose to the Russians an international commission to tackle the problem of the world's great deserts? We are on the verge of achieving the desalinization of water on an economic scale. Why not work out the implications of this scientific break-through in some great arid area and do it jointly, creating a new patrimony for the human race?

Why not speed our preparations for a worldwide medical year; and after it, set up permanent commissions in vital fields of research to formalize the fact that in this of all fields all knowledge should be available to all men?

I trust, in short, that every opportunity we in the West can see to dramatize the common interests of humanity will be seized on and developed so that, whatever the obstructions put up by the Communists, the sense will spread through the world that the Western peoples are profoundly and permanently committed to the survival and dignity of man.

For in the last analysis, what else is of value, for ourselves and our children? These are visionary days in every field. We have unlocked the atom. We are laying bare the secrets of man's heredity. New infinite vistas have opened in space, new infinite abysms are opening backward in time. We have seen a rocket hit the moon. We know its dark face. Our astronauts wait to venture on a journey more mysterious than the quest of the Golden Fleece. We are adding a city a day to the world's population. How can we be content in such an age to keep our political thinking within the narrow bonds of class or race or nation? How can we permit outdated ideology to obscure our identity as citizens of a common world?

Republican leaders are now saying that in this grave crisis we must all rally around the President in the name of national unity. There is no question about national unity in a time of crisis. But errors must be corrected, and we must not forget that the opposition party also has an obligation to our country and to our allies whose security is also involved. It is the duty of responsible opposition in a democracy to expose and criticize carelessness and mistakes, especially in a case of such national and world importance as this. We must see to it that we profit from such grave mistakes.

It is particularly regrettable that this happened in an election year. And we can already predict what the Republicans will tell the people in the months ahead.

They will say that President Eisenhower's patience and dignity in Paris scored a diplomatic triumph by exposing Khrushchev's insincerity.

They will say that the Russians are hoping that a "softer" Democratic President will be elected.

They will tell the people a vote for the candidate the Russians distrust is a vote against appeasement.

It will be our duty . . . to help retrieve the situation and to face the hard, inescapable facts: that this Administration played into Khrushchev's hands; that if Khrushchev wanted to wreck the conference our government made it possible; that the Administration has acutely embarrassed our allies and endangered our bases; that they have helped make successful negotiations with the Russians – negotiations that are vital to our survival – impossible so long as they are in power.

Adlai E. Stevenson

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Two Worlds, Two Generations

by John Hollander

There is always a moment's apprehension on opening a new novel in one of the current many-volumed fictional enterprises such as C. P. Snow's, or Anthony Powell's *Music of Time* series, or even Lawrence Durrell's recently completed tetralogy. *The Conscience of the Rich,* for example, the last section of Snow's *Strangers and Brothers* to appear, came to many readers as something of a disappointment. This was the feeling that, in spite of the expansive, mellowed portraiture of Charles March's father, the book represents something of a falling-off in scope and intensity. It should be said at once, then, that C. P. Snow's new novel may very well come to replace *The Masters* as the one considered to be most typical, both of the sequence itself and of its author's fictional concerns.

The Affair
by C. P. Snow
(Scribner; $4.50)

It is, in many ways, a fulfilled version of the earlier book. *The Affair* is set in the same Cambridge college of which Lewis Eliot, the series' narrator and protagonist, had been a fellow at the time of the magisterial election more than fifteen years earlier. It, too, centers on the detailed study of a bout of what Snow calls the "closed politics" of the academic scene. But here the macrocosm of broader political worlds is involved as well. The interlocking moralities of scientific research in particular and of academic matters in general, treated previously in *The New Men* (and, more specifically, in the author's earlier, extra-sequential *The Search*) are still important. Evident also are traces of Snow's recent polemical interest in the conflict between the "two cultures" – the divorce between science and letters in modern intellectual life. Lewis Eliot himself is both removed from and engaged in the action of the book by virtue of his role as a legal advocate. Most important of all, perhaps, is the more complex dialectic, in the current book, between older and younger generations. Now Lewis Eliot, at 47, finds himself sandwiched in between two groups, alternating, as the issues arise, his identification with either of them, and constantly analyzing the shifting grounds of his commitments.

The affair in question is that of a young physicist named Donald Howard, who before the book opens has been dismissed from his fellowship in Eliot's old college because of his having faked a crucial photograph in a thesis in physics. The principals involved in the reopening of Howard's case, and in the attempt by one faction in the college to reinstate him, include some figures familiar to readers of *The Light and the Dark, The Masters* and *The New Men:* for example, Crawford and Jago, the incumbent Master of the college and his defeated opponent in the earlier selection; the scientists Francis Getliffe, now Sir Francis and a magisterial hopeful himself, and Lewis Eliot's brother Martin, now back in academic life; Arthur Brown, the statesman of the common-room, more than ever simultaneously "upright, obstinate and very cunning." Lewis Eliot, although still in his post at Whitehall, becomes involved as a kind of *amicus curiae,* eventually serving as Howard's legal defender.

But if the relations among all these have changed as a result of time and relocations of interest, they are all contrasted, as a group, with the younger college fellows, characters new to this book. Men like Skeffington, Orbell, Ince and Clark, whether scientists or humanists, would have remained in the world of the earlier conflicts representatives of the younger, progressive generation, vaguely to the left politically and religious and social skeptics. But a half-generation later, the newer men are themselves conservative and orthodox. Nevertheless these men are as different, among themselves, as Julius Skeffington, whose rigid sense of honor governs his attitudes toward the case, and G. S. Clark, whose crippled leg and working-class origins help form a character "fused out of bad luck and pain, not giving pity to others, and not wanting it himself," and whose whole moral position is centered on an attack on liberalism from the point of view of a kind of literary, tragic view of life. And there is the further irony of a young history don's outbreak against the Master and what he feels to be his faction: "God rot these awful old men and their beastly, puritanical, unbelieving, Godless, so-called liberal souls."

This counterpoint of the theme of closed politics (blocs of faction and interest in college matters) against that of the wider spectra of political ideology is further complicated by the fact that young Howard is a Communist. In addition to this, he is particularly tiresome, unpleasant and hard to defend. If he is not in fact the perpetrator of a scientific fraud, he is almost culpably irresponsible. He is, moreover, so out of touch with the varied motives and interests of his defenders that one of them is moved to compare Howard to Dreyfus (himself, by temperament and conviction, the model of an anti-Dreyfusard), and the whole problem of his reinstatement to that famous *affaire.* It is from this reference that the book, half-ironically, takes its title.

The book's sheer dramaturgy, its almost classic alternation of the rise and fall of fortune, is typically calm, with the action moving from one conversation to another, from visit to visit, from minor to major showdown. Scenes are set with the most economical of descriptions – the gleam of glassware and silver, the quality of light and moisture in the air in a quad, a view of one part of the college from a window in another part. The writing is, as always, at its very best when it is most patiently ex-

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pository, rather worse when more mannered. Its most expressive moments occur when some little turn of event will produce a general insight into the texture of human dealings. For example, when Lewis Eliot and his brother Martin pay a call on Nightingale, one of the former's old antagonists from *The Masters*, Lewis catches a glimpse of a friendly joking between them, and is surprised: "Yet I ought to have known," he continues, "that when, as with Nightingale and me, two people dislike each other strongly, or more strongly than reason justifies, either of them often tends to make it up with some close attachment of the other."

Snow develops his themes without the use of elaborate metaphors or paradoxes or even, with the exception of the literal and implicit Manichaean themes in *The Light and the Dark*, without the use of large, governing symbols. His vocabulary is usually gray and elegantly limited; it is unfortunate here, as throughout the series, when he violates its limits with what seems to be the obsessive use of words like *minatory*, *subfusc* and *farouche*, for example.

C. P. Snow has had a continuous interest in the inability of the literary and the scientific traditions to understand each other, one desperately cultivating reconstructions of the past, the other impatiently completing models of the future. Recently, in *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution*, he has analyzed this situation, and it is no surprise to find some of his views aired in *The Affair*. Here is no simple alignment of science and letters with youth and age, the former being what sociologists call "upwardly mobile" in the traditional academic hierarchy. The situation is complicated in the nineteen-fifties in which the book is set by the currency of irrationalist ideologies in some of the newer young men. The sad result, too, of the abdication of parental responsibility for the scientific intellect by what Snow calls the "traditionalists" is apparent in the case of Lester Ince.

Ince is close to being a caricature. A young fellow in literature, he affects some of the more modish Americanisms, whether of speech ("As for old Lew, he's certainly non-hep" is a little démodé, perhaps), or of taste (modern jazz), or of academic work ("a word-by-word examination of *Nostromo*"). Moreover, although born and educated in the professional middle-class, he insists on "behaving, talking and often feeling, as though he had come up from the ranks." It is Ince, however, who aligns himself with the conservative faction in the college, who betrays the real shallowness of the intelligence underlying his flip façade when he is taken in by the pseudo-profundities of G. S. Clark to the extent of proposing him as next Master. And it is Lester Ince, a "strong character" who gave Lewis Eliot the impression "that he had not often crossed wills with other strong characters," who asks to be "counted out" of any serious consideration of the Howard affair, objecting that he is just "not playing" in "a squabble among scientists," and finally, talking like an imitation Kingsley Amis here: "You think you can do anything you like with the rest of us, and switch on the moral uplift whenever you feel good. . . . You go and do good, I shan't get in your way. But I don't want to hear about it. I'm nice and happy as I am, thank you very much." It is the world of characters like Ince that the *Strangers and Brothers* novels have finally caught up with, and through which their author's literary-polemics have finally materialized.

To place *The Affair* within the sequence, then, is not hard. It represents the best of novels like *The Masters* and *The New Men*, in which Lewis Eliot is involved in a political or legal contest or a question of scientific morality. If Snow is generally thought of in connection with subjects like these it is perhaps because he is the one man of letters with an understanding of the sciences. I should say, "Anglo-American man of letters"; one need not go far to think of the innate understanding of the bases of mathematical thought evidenced by Hermann Hesse in *Magister Ludi*; of Paul Valéry; of Robert Musil in *Young Törless*, or of his Ulrich, the hero of *The Man Without Qualities*, who "loved mathematics because of the people who could not endure it.") But misleading appraisals of Snow's peculiar virtues as a writer are also based on a general tendency to slight the books in the sequence which concern Lewis Eliot's deepest emotional problems during his time of gradually rising fortunes. *Strangers and Brothers*, for example, the very first of the series of the same name (in order of publication – the second so far in order of chronology), may still be the best.

But it is untypical. Its chief character is George Passant, a young solicitor in a provincial town, whose personal charisma and energy make him the center of a group of ambitious, intelligent and poor young people, of whom Lewis Eliot, in his youth, is a member. Passant appears again in *Time of Hope*, and we get a sorry glimpse of him in *The New Men* – the outgrown local hero, the old teacher transcended. But it is people like George Passant, like Eliot's disturbed first wife, Sheila, like the profound and erratic Roy Calvert, whom we miss in *The Affair*. And it is the quality of early experience, tense but also lyrical, that we get in the first books, and in parts of *Homecomings*. It is hard to think, for example, of a single passage, in *The Masters* or since, at once as moving and as precise in its treatment of human interdependence as the great reflection in *Strangers and Brothers* that is occasioned by a breach of confidence by Roy Calvert, an act born out of "the same desire to share an emotion with another which is the root of all the deepest subtlety, the subtlety, which, whatever it is used for ultimately, arises from a spontaneous realization and knowledge of the heart." Lewis Eliot's reflection on this deserves to be quoted entire:

> It is one of the myths of character that subtlety and astuteness and discretion go hand in hand by nature – without bleak experience and the caution of age, which takes the edge both from one's sensitiveness and the blunders one used to make. The truth is, if one is impelled to share people's hearts, the person to whom one is speaking, must seem, more vivid for the moment than anyone in the world. And so, even if he is irrelevant to one's serious purpose, if indeed he is the enemy against whom one is working, one still has the temptation to be in a moment's conspiracy with him, for his happiness and one's own against the rest. It is a temptation which would have seemed, even if he troubled to understand it, a frivolous instability to George Passant. But, for many, it is

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a cause of the petty treasons to which they cannot look back without shame.

If, in the following volumes, Snow can regain this quality in his writing, the disposition of his audience to think of the series in terms of what we might call the institutional novels rather than the more personal ones will be corrected. And the whole fictional project itself will be redeemed from the vicissitudes of deterioration that seem to have beset all such undertakings since Proust's.

A Bloodbath for Black Africa

by David Cort

To compare Africa today to a chrysalis emerging into a free butterfly might be fashionable, but it would certainly be an atrocious figure of speech. The breakneck evolution into political life, the paper invention of sovereign states whose peoples have never heard their names, the dizzying elevation of self-chosen politicians: these are part of the weird gamble the former imperial powers are taking in 1960.

One would wish that a million Americans would read Peter Ritner's brilliant

The Death of Africa
by Peter Ritner
(Macmillan; $4.95)

and rapid (other adjectives will be given later), almost-up-to-the-minute story of Africa's peoples, politicians, assets and liabilities. Why they will not is that the book inevitably resolves into another "Hundred Neediest Cases," for which Ritner is asking from the United States six to eight billions of dollars, for an open-ended period.

The book is only about Black Africa: from the southern edge of the Sahara south. Freedom, absolute or within the British Commonwealth or French Community, has already come or will presently come to Tanganyika (population: 8,500,000 blacks), French Black Africa (25,000,000), Nigeria (34,000,000), Ghana (5,000,000) federated with French Guinea, Belgian Congo (13,000,000), Somalia (1,500,000) and of course Ethiopia (15,000,000). To say that these more-than-100 million Negroes have any real hope of freedom is something Ritner would like to say but cannot quite get out. Indeed, he is inclined to suggest that the land, economy and traditions dictate some form of communalism, *i.e.*, no private ownership of land. For the people themselves have largely ruined the land, as by overgrazing the plateau and deforesting the jungle – mistakes not yet made in the similar area of Brazil. Ghana's ebullient new dictator, Kwame Nkrumah, The Lion of West Africa, was smart enough to inherit a treasury of $500 million derived from the British-developed crop of cocoa, now unfortunately blighted. Because his money is liquid, he is richer than America's only billionaire, J. Paul Getty, but Ritner thinks he needs more from the United States.

Ritner would prefer as investors, however, the gambling American swashbucklers of a past age, who would, of course, be met by the new Negro swashbucklers of Africa. Even as he asks that the memory of Cecil Rhodes be kicked out of Africa, he urges that Africa's future depends on new, but nonexistent and unlikely-to-emerge Rhodeses, with fresh money.

Still, there are prosperous areas of Black Africa and these invariably contain a measurable proportion of whites. Southern Rhodesia has 2,600,000 blacks, 200,000 whites; Northern Rhodesia has 2,200,000 blacks, 75,000 whites; Nyasaland 2,700,000 blacks, 9,000 whites; Kenya 6,000,000 blacks, 60,000 whites. Finally, South Africa has about 10,000,000 blacks and 3,500,000 whites, divided about 60-40 between Afrikaaners and the English-speaking.

The keystone of Ritner's "solution" for Africa is to get the West to abet and foment the browbeating, emigration and/or massacre of these white minorities in Africa. The "racial bloodbath," he says again and again, is coming. He speaks of the "absolute inevitability, of this 'atrocious catastrophe'." His own quotation marks must only mean that this "supposed catastrophe" is no catastrophe at all, but a necessary relief and richly-deserved. But before this happens, Ritner is willing to lead UN expeditionary forces into Southwest Africa, Angola and Mozambique, to take these areas away from South Africa and Portugal; and he is also to be busy shipping into South Africa "secret organizational and material support to the 'democratic'" (again, those grinning quotation marks) "revolutionaries inside the country – exercising the most painstaking care (but this will be a tricky matter) to discourage the Africans from rising until they can really defend themselves against the machine guns and pursuit planes of the Afrikaaner."

Ritner is 33 years old; or somewhat older than Tom Sawyer. I am older than Tom Sawyer and I cannot joke about the massacre of nearly 4,000,000 white men, women and children, who are just now caught in a rule of "red-necks," much like those of the American South. The Afrikaaners too are poor compared to the English-speaking population, who actually own the country. Perhaps the Boer War has to be fought all over again; perhaps it was unwise to give the

One of the last of the hard-hitting big-city editors,

JAMES A. WECHSLER,

lashes out at this age of unthink, know-nothing, and "muddle-of-the-road" politics . . . and shows, explicitly, what you can do to change it.

REFLECTIONS OF AN ANGRY MIDDLE-AGED EDITOR
By James A. Wechsler
Editor of the *New York Post*
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Boers the political benefit of their numerical majority among whites. When democracy becomes the rule of the mob, it becomes a disaster, and has become so in South Africa. Ritner's solution is to bring in a bigger mob.

Only toward the end of Mr. Ritner's book does his buoyant, glib, smug, doctrinaire blood-lust step into the open, naked and unembarrassed. Until the last three chapters, he is reasonable, persuasive and fascinating, but by then, evidently in the assurance that he has painstakingly made a case, the keening begins: "Kill! Kill! Kill!" (The response to this of *The New York Times* reviewer was a prim "Some of his forecasts and suggestions are extreme.")

Robespierre was after all a Frenchman; Ritner is no African and had spent only three months there when he wrote this book. Perhaps he has already turned to other problems, having solved this one.

Ritner writes as if the 125,000,000 Negroes of Black Africa were about to turn into the terror of the world. This in a period when the relative power of the great powers is more stupendous than ever before in history. Africa is not being given its freedom out of fright but, I suspect, out of indifference and euphoria in the capitals of the West. The US has world power and doesn't want to use it. And so it is encouraging the former systems of world government to dissolve into new sovereignties whose only connection with the world is a seat in the United Nations Assembly. Since this is also the period when any nation that he has acquired one atomic bomb can start a world conflagration, this new bedlam may end in disaster.

Ritner sounds like Hitler and the late Senator McCarthy and all history's mountebanks who speak with this same bouncing, authoritative, merciless, over-the-shoulder incisiveness, ending the confusions, putting our mind at rest, and bringing on the whirlwind.

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The GOP from Boom to Crash

by Gerald W. Johnson

John D. Hicks takes a pretty dim view of the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover administrations – as who doesn't? – but he achieves a greater effect than might have been made by a better writer through his strict adherence to the rules of academic historiography. His text is thorny with superior figures, for every least debatable statement of fact is buttressed with half a dozen *ibids, passims* and *op cits,* making it rather stumbling reading for nonacademic eyes, but undoubtedly lending it an appearance of weight and authority.

Republican Ascendancy, 1921-1933
by John D. Hicks
(Harper; $5)

Nor is it a deceptive appearance, for Hicks has a perceptive mind that pierces beyond the flagrant to the fundamental. The carnalities and vulgarities of the Harding regime, for instance, he brushes aside impatiently, and even the venality and thievery disclosed by the Teapot Dome investigation he regards as symptomatic of a condition that obtained through all three administrations. The real trouble was not the immorality but the vacuity of the period's statecraft; and that, in turn, he traces to a curious numbing of the perceptions of the American public.

He does not follow the common practice of laying primary stress upon a paralysis of the moral sense supposed to have followed the first World War. Hicks prefers the theory of a complete bewilderment that did, indeed, obscure the moral, but obscured no less the expedient. Americans found themselves with no reason for confidence in anything. The book closes with what is, for this sober-minded writer, a downright impassioned passage describing the state of a public that, having been persuaded that the idealism of Wilson was fraudulent, knowing that the Old Guard politicians were hopeless, and finding the promises of the reformers gaseous, put its trust in business men only to be led into the catastrophe of 1929; and so turned to Roosevelt and the Democrats out of despair, because there was nowhere else to go.

It is depressing reading, but not unprofitable, because it is an acidulous tract for the times. Hicks' consistent refusal to bear down heavily on any individual – he gives modified approval to Hoover's diplomacy – because the real trouble was not villainy, but intellectual bankruptcy brings its basic significance ominously up to date. For if statecraft vacant of ideas can produce the appalling results described in this book, our present prospects are far from brilliant. Yet Hicks is here with the facts and also with the footnotes.

The book is an addition to the New American Nation Series, edited by Commager and Morris; and a very solid addition it is.

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MOVIES

What's in a Laugh?

I'm All Right, Jack
(Lion International)

The Battle of the Sexes
(Continental)

Man on a String
(Columbia)

The influx of English films starring Peter Sellers poses a question that hasn't required much consideration since the rise of Peter Ustinov. What is the difference between a comic performer and a comic actor? All terms of discussion in this area have been debased in the 20th Century's flood of publicity and advertising about films, radio, and television. For example, the word "comedian," once used in its French sense to mean an actor in comedies, now denotes Berle and Benny. But one definition that might help to clarify the matter is that a performer is a person who does things to make you laugh; an actor creates a character at whose actions and utterances you laugh.

Then, however, it is asked: one can readily see the difference between Bob Hope and Rex Harrison, but what of Ustinov and Sellers? Don't they put on wigs and moustaches and assume accents? Why are they not actors, too? Admittedly, the distinction becomes more subtle when one leaves the realm of microphone joke-tellers, but subtle though it is, it exists. In any comic appearance of Ustinov's, I have always been more conscious of his effort to make me laugh than of his creation of character, no matter how polished his reproduction of speech and mannerism. Sellers, who is much less of a personality than Ustinov, seems more interested in acting; at least he seems aware that he ought to be acting. But for me the result remains one of surface effects, astonishingly clever, often very funny, but still a collection of surfaces. With both men, I always feel as if I had just attended a party where they had rocked the company with comic turns.

Is the distinction cited above worth making? If one laughs (as I certainly have often done at both), is the distinction a semantic trifle? The question answers itself when one sees true comic acting like Alec Guiness' Gully Jimson. Indeed the answer makes the question necessary. The difference in depth and vitality, in every intent, shows us that with Ustinov and Sellers our good will has in a sense been betrayed, our attention has been misdirected. With Guinness it is taken to the core and enriched before it is returned; with the entertainer it is merely reflected off a dazzling exterior.

If you set aside your conjecture of what Guinness would have done with the part, you can easily be amused by Sellers as a shop steward in *I'm All Right, Jack*. He has caught to perfection the accent and smugness of the son of working-class parents who has elevated himself via council schools and workers' club self-education; and Sellers' costumer, make-up man, and script writers have supplied him with the proper accoutrements and materials. All that is missing is our conviction that Fred Kite, the steward, really exists, that what we see is anything more than Sellers doing a flawless take-off.

The film itself, which also stars Ian Carmichael and Terry-Thomas, two old antagonists, is a consistently diverting lampoon on the new Britain, the postwar labor paradise, where union strength can now allow moral malpractises to flourish almost as grandly as in this country. (Indeed, the picture is one more instance of time-lag between the two countries; we have had these evils for years, although – significantly – Hollywood has not yet dared to lampoon them.) If Carmichael and Terry-Thomas are restricted in range, they are nevertheless comic actors of extraordinary skill, with finesse far beyond that of the mimetically accomplished Sellers. As a well-intentioned Oxonian in the ranks of labor and a blowsy ex-officer turned personnel manager, they harass each other entertainingly.

Management, too, comes in for its share of satire, and the film takes pains to balance the shortcomings and merits of both sides. But there is a historical point here. Long ago Bernard Shaw, hardly a reactionary, wrote that trade unionism would be the capitalism of the working class. This is a comedy about the new conflict – between two kinds of capitalists.

Another recent Sellers film, *The Battle of the Sexes*, transfers James Thurber's story *The Catbird Seat* to Scotland and spins it out to unjustified length. There is only one long joke in the picture, full of predictable padding. Sellers is seen as the aged chief clerk of a Scotch firm out to depose a brisk American efficiency expert (Constance Cummings). Here he has conservative clothes and different moustache and Edinburgh accent, and he wears them all skillfully enough. But it is still only a facile imitation, fundamentally inanimate.

With the appropriateness of a reconnaissance flight over Russia on the eve of a summit conference comes *Man on a String*, a film based on the exploits of Boris Morros, the film producer turned counter-spy against the Soviets. On the details of the thoroughness of the Soviet espionage efforts against this country, I am not equipped to comment; I think it would be foolish to doubt them simply because they seem incredible. But even if there had never been a Francis G. Powers to make this picture howlingly inopportune, surely a subject as serious as this would deserve serious treatment. The dialogue and characterizations in this picture cripple the putative truth of the message it intends to deliver. This Grade C melodrama may exist in life, but that is insufficient excuse for it in art.

Stanley Kauffmann

Notes on Contributors

John Hollander's *first book*, A Crackling of Thorns, *was published as part of the Yale Younger Poets series; Mr. Hollander is an associate of* Partisan Review. David Cort *was, at one time, a senior editor of* Time *magazine; he is the author of a new book,* Is There an American In the House.

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RECORDS

New Recordings of Old Favorites

The view of Berlioz generally accepted for a long time, and still held by some, was that he used huge orchestras because of a preoccupation with "extreme and gigantic aims" (the words are those of the excessively respected Dr. Alfred Einstein). Actually, he uses in his symphonic works an orchestra no greater than Debussy's in *La Mer*, and does so – in the Love Scene and *Queen Mab* of *Romeo and Juliet*, for example – with delicacy, subtlety and finesse equal to Debussy's. And though he does introduce into the *Requiem* four additional groups of brass and a total of sixteen kettledrums, these do not – as one might think from the writing of Einstein and others – blare and thunder uninterruptedly throughout the work, but are used with the same discriminating precision for the same legitimate artistic ends as the normal forces of the other works. In several movements of the *Requiem* the additional brass and drums do not play at all; in the "*Tuba mirum*" they are used imaginatively to suggest the sights and sounds of judgment day; and when the brass bands "burst out into their antiphonal blazing corruscations," wrote W. J. Turner, "it is as though a thousand rockets had gone up over our heads and were bursting into flames"; but this, he added, is only their first effect: we soon discover that these extraordinary exhilarating pyrotechnics are charged with meaning, the flames are not mere flames but expressive, imaginative, full of poetic significance. In the "*Lacrymosa*" the brass and drums reinforce with discretion and skill the return of the principal statement; in the "*Hostias*" eight of the trombones are used with extraordinary originality and imaginative effect.

The occasion for these remarks is the new recording of the *Requiem* issued by RCA Victor on LD (mono) and LDS (stereo) 6077. It offers one of Munch's better performances, with correctly set tempos, fine playing by the Boston Symphony and the additional brass, and Simoneau's beautiful singing in the "*Sanctus*," but also, regrettably, with the callow-sounding singing of the youngsters of the New England Conservatory Chorus. A great deal was done to make the recorded sound wonderfully spacious and live; but not enough to make the strands of the vocal and instrumental textures clearly distinct. The old Fournet performance – with better chorus and, in spite of pre-LP recording, clearer texture – remains the best so far, and might well be reissued in Columbia's Harmony series.

It is things like the extravagant program of the *Symphonie Fantastique*, with its march to the scaffold and witches' Sabbath, that are partly responsible for Berlioz's reputation for "extreme and gigantic aims"; but if one forgets the program one hears in this work music that is beautifully imagined and written – notably the waltz in the second movement to which Berlioz gives such elegance and distinction. One of the outstanding performances of the *Fantastique* has been Van Otterloo's with the Berlin Philharmonic; and its sensitive phrasing, its grace and warmth, its continuity of flow, shape and tension are to be heard again in his new performance with the excellent Hague Philharmonic, which is reproduced with more spacious and live sound by Epic LC-3665 (mono) and BC-1068 (stereo).

Beautifully reproduced by Victor LD (mono) and LDS (stereo) 2384 is the performance of Strauss' *Don Quixote* by Reiner with the superb Chicago Symphony and Antonio Janigro as solo cellist – a performance which fusses with tempo changes in a way that makes me prefer the straightforward Toscanini performance with the NBC Symphony and Frank Miller. The work is Strauss' masterpiece – inspired in its invention; unflawed by Straussian excesses or errors of taste; every note in the complex texture really counting for something; every detail making its programmatic point brilliantly. But the musically untrained listener needs to have the profuse and subtly achieved programmatic detail pointed out to him; and it is deplorable that the cost of the expensive accompanying pamphlet was devoted to fancy art work instead of passages in musical notation illustrating a detailed analysis of the piece. The leisurely tempos of Klemperer's performance of Beethoven's Second with the London Philharmonica, on Angel 35658 (mono) and S-35658 (stereo), work satisfyingly in this symphony; and the performance of the *Prometheus* Overture on the same records also is effective; but the slow pace and lack of energy make the performance of the *Coriolan* Overture wholly inadequate for someone who knows the piece from Toscanini's performances of it.

Casals' tempos are unusually slow in Mozart's *Linz* Symphony, which he plays with the Festival Casals Orchestra of Puerto Rico on Columbia ML-5449 (mono) and MS-6122 (stereo); but the performance is made exciting by the power and tension of the inflection of melodic phrase and accompaniment figuration. The records also offer a similar performance of Haydn's early *Farewell* Symphony; and both monophonic and stereophonic sounds are dry.

For someone who wants a stereophonically recorded performance of Schubert's Fifth, the most consequential and engaging of his early imitative symphonies, there is now Beecham's charming performance with his Royal Philharmonic on Capitol SG-7212, which has the uninteresting Symphony No. 3 on the reverse side. But for someone content with monophonic recording I suggest instead the more animated and delightful Toscanini performance.

And for someone who wants music outside of the standard repertory there are, on Vanguard BG-599 (mono) and BGS-5027 (stereo), Tartini's fine Violin Concerto in D minor and his engaging Sinfonia Pastorale for violin and strings and another fine Violin Concerto in E minor by Nardini, all played well by Jan Tomasow with a Vienna State Opera chamber orchestra.

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Correspondence

The Moon or MIT

Sirs:

It is good to hear the bell rung for excellence as William Jay Smith rings it in his article "The Moon or MIT: New Children's Books" (May 9). But I am surprised at Mr. Smith's surprise that "at least half of these volumes are . . . not . . . books at all; they are merchandise." What in the world did he expect to find them – illuminated products of the monasteries?

I have just finished looking well at some 600 "Books on Exhibit," a selection made by a group of leading publishers from among their 1959 crop of children's books. My reaction was not, "How poor!" but "How rich!" – this in spite of the fact that as I marked my catalog, the comment, "Must have," did not apply with anything like the frequency of "No."

I agree heartily with Mr. Smith when he invokes the magic of the Nesbit books or the Andrew Lang *Blue Fairy Book*. In one of our elementary school libraries in Mansfield, we have just invested in the whole run of Nesbit books, from the *Enchanted Castle* to the *Wouldbegoods*. These indispensable old-timers have always been available from the British presses, and it is good to know that the Looking Glass Library is bringing some of them out again in this country at a price within the range of most family budgets, though not in a format suitable for library usage.

But I think Mr. Smith has forgotten a very important matter. We can always go back to the classics when we are looking for works of the imagination. But we cannot afford to go back very far for works of science, whether for children or adults. I admit that I don't like it, but whether we like it or not, today's children *do* choose between the moon and MIT. They love facts, and it's well that they do, because there are many more facts around for them than there were when I was their age.

Seeming to forget where he is in time has led Mr. Smith, I think, into another mistaken rejection. I have seen what he calls, with a lift of the nostrils, "I-Can't-Read-and-I-Don't-Care-It's-Fun" books in the hands of first, second and even third graders, where they belong, and I know that they give joy there. The Minarik "I Can Read" books (*Baby Bear, Father Bear Comes Home*) are distinguished with humor and charm, and are well worth the trial of a bright new skill to a child for whom, as for Mr. Boffin, "Print is now opening ahead." To reject all the new easy-to-read books because they are too easy for more advanced readers is like rejecting all the finely screened baby foods because a ten-year-old doesn't need them any more. When I first learned to read, and I presume this is true also for Mr. Smith, there were few rainy afternoon occupations competing for my attention. Either I learned to read the rather solid fare available to me, or I entertained myself with my own thoughts. Today's beginning readers may turn to comic books, radio, or television, and if Mr. Smith is repelled by commercialism in juvenile literature, has he seen Howdy Doody lately? If Else Minarik, Paul Witty, or even Madison Avenue can lure children to the exercise of their imaginations on the printed page, they deserve a lift of the hat, not the eyebrow.

Beatrice Newcomer
Library Clerk
Mansfield Public Schools
Storrs, Connecticut

More Murder in the Library

Sirs:

I found myself in agreement with much that "Raymond Stringer" had to say in his review (May 16) of the important study by Fiske. However, at least some of his observations need qualification. The library profession, at least in California, has "set off . . . soul-searching" as witness the important symposium on "the climate of book selection" held in the summer of 1958 (when the Fiske research was begun) and published last year. In addition, during the past six months each of the six districts of the California Library Association has held extended (and well-attended) meetings devoted to an analysis of the Report and its implications.

Another matter is "Mr. Stringer's" discussion of library handling of books on sex. I have worked in two academic libraries where brother Kinsey's Reports were in the closed shelves. No censorship here, simply a matter of not

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"...Did I Miss the Boat?..."

A letter and an answer.

THE LETTER:

Gus Tyler, Director
Training Institute
International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union
1710 Broadway
New York 19, N. Y.
Dear Mr. Tyler:

I just read your appeal to young people in The New Republic. I wish I had read it in time. I see you have an April 15th deadline for application. I wanted to apply. I believe in the labor movement. I would like to take advantage of your year's full time training to take a position with your union. While there are many types of work I know I could handle, some of them financialy rewarding, I would prefer a job with a challenge--and with a purpose. Many people of my age feel the same way. Have I missed the boat by not writing sooner?

Virginia M . . . . .

THE ANSWER:

Dear Miss M . . . . .

Ordinarily you would have missed the boat since our classes start in June. This year we start in September so you may still apply.

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We will be accepting applications until August 1.

Gus Tyler, Director
ILGWU Training Institute
1710 Broadway
New York 19, N. Y.

wanting to throw away a considerable amount of money. If these two volumes would be mutilated or stolen within a matter of days in a college or university library I can imagine how long they would last in a public library! A treatment of political or religious book segregation seems to me much more to the point on this score.

Alas, as Fiske observes, as long as public and school librarians succumb (to gain temporary peace of mind) to the demand-theory of book selection, they will find themselves in awkward situations when any chips are down.

"Mr. Stringer" might have mentioned the ALA sponsored *Intellectual Freedom Newsletter* which has, over a period of years, done an excellent job of reporting local censorship cases nationally. Public statements on book selection policy (*e.g.* that of the Enoch Pratt Library) might well be supplemented by "Mr. Stringer's" box-score suggestion. I do, however, find it a bit odd coming from one who feels he must use a pseudonym. Things, I guess, are bad in some public library fields, but this *is* 1960 and I think "Mr. Springer" is a trifle melodramatic in this matter.

Donald Ranstead
Davis Library
University of California

Our Spy

Sirs:

The New Republic has performed a notable service in printing Henry St. Onge's comment on the spy case (May 23). As another "unqualified observer" – I am a 27-year-old teacher of history – I completely share Mr. St. Onge's sense of outrage at the moral confusion of the country. It is one thing to defend spying as an essentially immoral but necessary function of governments (although it is certainly a question whether it was "necessary" at this particular time). But it is another thing to insist that spying is not only necessary but morally correct, when we engage in it. This is not "realism" but the shabbiest cynicism.

No other incident has demonstrated so clearly the utter incapacity of the American people to perform the responsibilities which history has ironically thrust upon them.

Christopher Lasch
Washington, D. C.

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